

THE WHITE LADY OF THE PALACE.

The Famous Historic Ghost of the Hohenzollerns Appears Once More and Foreshadows Death in Emperor William's Family.

THE White Lady has again appeared in the Royal Palace at Berlin, and conversation, like concealed, possesses the most of every inmate from the humblest servant in the Imperial household to the Emperor himself.

This is an historic ghost. It is no old woman, as the vulgar tale has it, but a trembling person or of afflicted children. Historians and encyclopedias record it and the events its appearance portends. It always presages the death of a member of the Royal House of Hohenzollern.

"Brewer's Handy Book," page 1,098, edition 1880, says: "The White Lady is a ghost seen in the different castles and places belonging to the royal family of Prussia, and supposed to forebode the death of some member of the royal family, especially one of the children. The last appearance was in 1870, just prior to the death of Prince Waldemar. Twice she has been heard to speak—in December, 1628, when she appeared at the palace at Berlin and said in Latin: 'I wait for judgment,' and once at the castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia, when she said to the Princess in German, 'It is 10 o'clock,' and the lady addressed died in a few weeks."

Chambers's Encyclopedia, Appleton's, the Britannica, and the Nouveau Dictionnaire et Encyclopédie, by Jules Trousset, all make extended reference to this historic ghost. No one with knowledge of the facts scoffs at the appearance of the apparition.

It is a national conviction. It is shared alike by statesman and anarchist. By one the White Lady is feared with an instinctive and yet a childish dread, by the other she is hailed as the implacable enemy of kings.

A few nights ago, so the report runs that comes from Berlin, one of the Court Chamberlains was returning down the long corridor of the palace, when, suddenly, before him arose, as though through the substantial tiled floor, the stately figure of a queenly woman. The figure was clothed in a dress of pure white, the hair was low upon the forehead, one hand rested upon her belt about the waist and the other was slightly raised, as though in admonition or warning. The Chamberlain recognized the apparition at once as that of the White Lady, and shrinking into a niche in the wall he tremblingly watched the historical terror as she glided past him and melted into the darkness at the further end of the corridor. Unlike the female that has played this part several times in the past, the present lady carried no keys, but came empty-handed, and looked ominously severe. She glanced neither to the right nor to the left and floated rather than walked into obscurity.

The Chamberlain was greatly frightened and, trembling violently, he made his way as quickly as possible to where the court officials were gathered and conveyed to them the awful news. It required only a few minutes for the startling information to travel through the entire palace, and the alarm it occasioned can be but slightly appreciated by those who were not present as witnesses of the excitement that followed.

The Emperor himself was told of the affair in its minutest details as soon as he arose the following morning, and he immediately ordered extra guards to be stationed about the palace, and all the attendants were strictly enjoined to seize any White Lady or other intruder that might be detected prowling about the building. Evidently the Emperor is not a believer in ghosts.

But whether William II. is or is not sufficiently strong minded to set aside the traditional scarecrow of his family and discourage the perpetuation of superstition, the appearance of the White Lady is uncanny and prophetic. History tells of her various appearances. Historians vouch for the truth of the tales.

During four hundred years the legend of the White Lady has been associated with the history of the Hohenzollerns, and each visitation of this gruesome spectre has invariably been closely followed by the death of some prominent member of that family. For two hundred years the wrath confined her appearances to Bohemia, whence the Hohenzollerns originally came, but in 1538 she, for the first known occasion, appeared in the royal palace at Berlin.

Albert Frederick was ruler at that time, and within a month from the day the "ghost walked," Albert Frederick became insane, and was declared incapacitated for governing. He was succeeded by his brother-in-law, John Sigismund, and everything went well until 1619, when one afternoon, in broad daylight, the White Lady was discovered rocking the cradle of the infant Albert and jangling a bunch of ghostly keys in her hand.

The nurse, making the discovery promptly fainted, and when she recovered her senses the lady had vanished. Two weeks after that Sigismund died. In 1697 she came again six weeks before the death of George Wilhelm, and in 1688 she promenade through the salons and over the roof of the palace the very night before the Great Elector Frederick Wilhelm breathed his last.

Then there was an interregnum until 1810, when she called again a week before Frederick William III. died. She remained away ten years more, or until 1830, and then was found one evening strolling past the bed chamber of the Prince of Prussia, who died a few days afterward. In 1870 she anticipated the death of Prince Waldemar by just fifteen days, and it was stated at the time, although the report was suppressed, that she was seen in the palace shortly before the death of both the late Emperor William I. and Emperor Frederick.

Who is threatened by the present visitation it is impossible to say, for while history tells us it has been a summons for the ruling sovereign in the majority of instances, it has not invariably been so, and victims of lesser consequence have several times been warned of their danger.

The best authorities on the subject say there are two White Ladies, both of them remaining quiescent for periods varying from twenty to a hundred years, and then visit

ing Berlin as a warning of approaching death. The first of these females was, in her lifetime, Countess Agnes, of Orlamunde, a very beautiful woman with a moral obliquity that shocked even the free and easy principles of the fourteenth century.

It might be supposed that a social condition permitting a father to sit upon or otherwise smother his newly-born girl baby under the excuse that there were too many girls, and girls were not much good, anyhow, would have sanctioned any eccentricity of the human mind. But Countess Agnes went slightly beyond the limit of mediæval endurance and was horribly punished for her audacity.

Countess Agnes began her questionable career by becoming the mistress of a Margrave of Brandenburg, and was the mother of three sons. So long as the wife of the Margrave lived matters appear to have progressed satisfactorily to the unhappy husband and the indolent Countess. But in due time the wife of the Margrave died and then Countess Agnes naturally thought that the man with whom she had been so much in love would marry her. But the Margrave, for some reason, thought differently, and yet wishing to spare the lady the mortification of feeling that his refusal was based upon her personal record, made an excuse that it would not be convenient for him to adopt her three sons.

Prompt to meet all emergencies, Agnes administered a dose of poison to the boys, and after they had gotten over the convulsions of death she laid them out in a row and called the Margrave in to satisfy himself that that obstacle to their union was done away with. Unfortunately for the Countess, she lived in an era when men were at a premium; if these children had been daughters, no doubt the incident would have been passed over without comment, but men were wanted for fighting purposes, and the doing away with three prospective warriors was too much for the economical sense of the Hohenzollerns, so Agnes was found guilty of murder and buried alive in a vault beneath the palace.

Sometimes distressed at this fate that overtook her and feeling reasonably displeased with the Margrave, Countess Agnes swore a great oath just before she was walled up in the vault that she would be in at the death of the Hohenzollerns forever after. This oath she appears to have kept, according to tradition, and just before any important member of the family breathes his last, the Countess Agnes is found wandering about the palace.

Another version of this same historical story says that Agnes fell in love with Prince Parma and killed her two daughters because the Prince objected to them. Of course Agnes was not put to death upon this mistake of hers, but was mildly censured and doomed to walk the earth forever. The first story, however, is the more popular of the two.

In ghost stories, as in politics and other important affairs, there is always an opposition party, and the opposition in this instance sets up Bertha von Rosenberg as the original and only genuine White Lady, but as the story of her experience reflects upon the integrity of the royal family it is not so widely quoted. Bertha, it appears, left a large sum of money, the income from which was to be distributed every year among the poor. An impecunious Hohenzollern appropriated the whole amount to his own usage, and so the poor of Berlin have been struggling along during the past four hundred years without it.

The knowledge of this so preyed upon the mind of Bertha in her grave that she comes out every once in a while to look for the cash. She also dresses in white and has a bunch of safe keys dangling at her belt. The last time she was seen was in 1870, and the sentinel to whom she appeared was so alarmed that he dropped his musket and fled to the guard room, where he was forthwith arrested for deserting his post.

Every Bicyclist His Own Commissary.

ANOTHER new thing under the sun. The bicycle has been amended now, so that "he who rides may eat."

The wheelman, instead of stopping at a roadhouse, carries his restaurant right with him. And this doesn't provide for a Haines cold sandwich merely. This is not stuff that the cyclist is going to devour, as he keeps piling up the miles. Until very recently the bicycle food-furnishing arrangement was used upon the tricycle only, and the heat was furnished by naphtha, carried in a cylinder. There the space between the rear wheels afforded room for considerable storage.

Now, in a somewhat contracted form, it is to be attached to the bicycle, and the rider can prepare a hot meal for himself while he continues to raise his season's record for the distance travelled. There is a case which fits into the diamond frame. It has drawers big enough to contain all the necessaries in moderate quantities. The bicyclist will utilize his lamp to warm up any variety of provender he may select. Small frying pans, big enough for all practical purposes, are conveniently carried, and a metal fixture holds them in place over the lamp while the miles are covered and the victuals warmed up. The wheelman guides his machine with one hand, and with the other fishes out bread, already sliced and buttered, salt, pepper and the necessary weapons to attack his repast with.

He may have bottled beer in his pocket or at his saddle bow. In States where hotel licenses are not necessary for evasion of the law the food-furnishing wheel is a tricycle, and it carries pabulum and drink enough to make glad the hearts of many hungry bicyclers. The bill of fare hangs alongside, and "terms are cash."

As Authentically Recorded in Brewers' Hand-Book.



A Leprosy Patient Sealed Up in a Glass Jar.

A CURE FOR LEPROSY PROMISED.

A Brooklyn Physician Who Declares He Will Prove His Cure or Lock Himself Up with New York's Lepers and Die with Them.

IS humanity's most loathsome scourge to be wiped out?

"These two are dead—the leper and the blind," says the Talmud.

General Lew Wallace, in "Ben Hur," that book of wonderful descriptions, told of the awful affliction of Ben Hur's mother and sister. He said:

"To be a leper was to be treated as dead—to be excluded from the city as a corpse; to be spoken to by the best beloved and most loving only at a distance; to dwell with none but lepers; to be utterly unprivileged; to be denied the rites of the temple and the synagogue; to go about in rent garments and with covered mouth, except when crying, 'Unclean, unclean!' to find home in the wilderness or in abandoned tombs; to become a materialized spectre of Hinnoom and Gehenna; to be at all times less a living offence to others than a breathing torment to self; afraid to die, yet without hope except in death. Once the mother felt a dry scurf in the palm of her right hand, a scurf which she tried to wash away. It clung to the member pertinaciously; yet she thought but little of the sign till Tirzah complained that she, too, was attacked in the same way. At length the whole hand was attacked; the skin cracked open, the finger nails loosened from the flesh. There was not much pain withal, chiefly a steadily increasing discomfort. Later their lips began to parch and seam. One day the mother, who was cleanly to godliness, and struggled against the impurities of the dungeon with all ingenuity, thinking the enemy was taking hold on Tirzah's face, led her to the light, and, looking with the inspiration of a terrible dread, lo! the young girl's eyebrows were white as snow."

"Slowly, steadily, with horrible certainty, the disease spread, after a while bleaching their heads white, eating holes in their lips and erebils, and covering their bodies with scales; then it fell to their throats, shivering their voices, and to their joints, hacking the tissues and cartilages—slowly, and as the mother well knew, past remedy. It was affecting their lungs and arteries and bones, at each advance making the sufferers more and more loathsome, and so it would continue till death, which might be years before them."

And ever since the cry, "Unclean! Unclean!" has echoed dolefully around the world. Asia is dreadfully afflicted by it. There are islands in the Pacific given over to it. In Europe there are countless lepers. The United States has its many lepers. It has been feared with horror that the dis-

ease might spread among Southern negroes from a colony near New Orleans. New York's five lepers are isolated and waiting for death in tents on North Brother Island. In a pavilion near the Brooklyn Hospital one loathsome boy is locked away from all his fellow-men—scabbed and scarred, dropping slowly into pieces—a thing of horror to himself, an unspeakable woe to his family. One hundred lepers are officially declared to be wandering in the streets of Paris.

Of recent years, many scientists have been at work in earnest efforts to conquer the disease which has baffled the ages, and terrified all time. Three men seem to have approached success—one a Westerner, one a Japanese, and one, as announced last Sunday in the Journal, Dr. Thomas Holmes, an aged physician well known in Brooklyn. His cure, the result of many years of exhaustive investigation and study, has been successfully tried by Dr. Holmes upon one patient—a woman well known in Brooklyn society—who was far advanced in leprosy when she was brought to the discoverer of the new treatment. Dr. Holmes is perfectly confident that by his method the worst case of leprosy in the world is capable of being cured.

"So absolutely certain am I that leprosy is curable, and that my treatment will cure it," said Dr. Holmes to a Journal reporter last week, "that I should be perfectly willing to isolate myself in the deadhouse of the County Hospital with any one of the leper patients at North Brother Island, and if I failed to cure him, to contract leprosy myself and die of it. I have made a special study of leprosy all my life, and this treatment for the disease, which I hit upon several years ago, but which I have only perfected within the past two years, is founded upon perfectly scientific principles. I am not prepared to state to the public the exact formula for the making of the gaseous vapor which I use in the treatment, but I may say that sulphur enters largely in the production of this gas. I shall not hesitate to reveal the formula when the proper time comes."

Dr. Holmes's method of treating a leper patient is as singular as it is heroic. The patient is placed in a glass case, into which the smallest possible amount of air is admitted. Certain vapor fumes are then forced into the case through tubes, and thus the treatment consists entirely of inhalations by the patient of this vapor, which Dr. Holmes claims will kill the leprosy microbe, and after thus killing all the microbes in the system of the patient will render the blood purer than

before it became infested by the leprosy microbe. These inhalations, which are continued for from fifteen minutes to half an hour, with intervals of open air breathing for the patient, are repeated every day for a month to six weeks, at the end of which period the discoverer of the treatment claims that the most apparently hopeless case of leprosy will have been thoroughly and finally cured.

"The Brooklyn Board of Health," said Dr. Holmes, "has not yet acted upon my offer to erect, at my own expense, a stone pavilion adjoining the Flatbush Insane Asylum for the treatment of lepers, but I expect to hear from the matter shortly. Meantime, I am going in the Fall to the Hawaiian Islands for the purpose of undertaking the treatment of leprosy in the great leper colony on the island of Molokai. Molokai, where there are thousands of isolated lepers under the charge of the Hawaiian Board of Health, is practically the world's experimental station for the treatment of leprosy, and hundreds of methods of treating the disease among the Kanakas there have been ineffectually tried. This fact does not discourage me, however, nor am I rendered any the less eager to introduce this new treatment at Molokai by the well-known fact that the form of leprosy which afflicts the Kanakas has always been regarded as the most hopeless in the world. The leprosy which has assailed the islands of Hawaii, and which now bids fair to result in the utter extermination of the natives, was brought to the South Pacific from Europe. Two leprosy-ridden Portuguese sailors, who were bench-combers in Honolulu early in this century, are responsible for the plague of leprosy among the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, where literally hundreds of thousands of the Kanakas—a notably strong and handsome people before the introduction of the scourge—have become its victims. The form of leprosy which prevails there is quicker in action and more repulsive as to its outward manifestations than any other known form of the disease; but, notwithstanding this fact, I venture to say that, with the co-operation of the Hawaiian Board of Health, which will unquestionably be given me, I shall be able to utterly eradicate leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands within two years, and probably in a much shorter period."

Dr. Holmes will make a written offer to the New York City Health Department to treat the five lepers at North Brother Island, and it is likely that his offer will be accepted. All of these lepers are in the most advanced stage of the disease, and are fitful objects to look at. A Frenchman, who visited the little wooden pavilion last week, found them cheerful and contented, philosophically accepting their fearful impending doom. Vito de Leo, the Italian bootblack, is in the worst condition of them all. He is truly a terrible sight. One of the many curious manifestations in connection with the disease of leprosy is that it is frequently accompanied by the disease of elephantiasis, which gives to the swollen countenance of the victim a savage, loathsome appearance. The face of poor de Leo bears a resemblance to that of a lion which is positively startling, and, to see him stretched out on his cot, the bed-clothing drawn up to his chin, and his head almost visible, the visitor is shocked by the almost absolutely defined likeness to the king of brutes which the disease has wrought upon the features of the victim. Leprosy has not only transformed the face of de Leo into that of a lion, but it has given him a lion's face that is suitably cunning, the gums drawn away from the teeth in a perpetual snarl, the swollen gray eyes gleaming with devilish intent.

The same change is gradually taking place in the face of William Bryan, the West Indian mulatto, and young Dr. Lockhart, who has charge of the leprosy patients, said that within a few months he also would be afflicted with the lion countenance.

The commercial school of scientists say that leprosy does not easily find a foothold among a clean, strong, naturally healthy race of people, but that it is a disease which chiefly characterizes nations of physical degenerates. Dr. Bouffe, the French leprosy expert, who was the first to discover the leprosy microbe, belongs to this school, but his statement is being strongly attacked by other scientists who have followed the progress of the disease among nations.

The same Doctor Bouffe has also announced his belief that leprosy is neither contagious nor even infectious by long personal contact. His claim that he would not be afraid to sleep with a leper was doubtless made in accordance with his strong belief, but it has provoked a singular unanimity in the "I dare you" spirit of his contemporary students of and writers on leprosy.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the treatment which Dr. Bouffe has discovered for leprosy and is now applying in the hospitals of France, is considered by many a solution of the problem as to how the disease may be cured.

